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The STUDENT'S PEN

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Education Week

THE fact that Education Week is observed in the whole United States shows that this is not only a State enterprise but a nation wide one.

How can a nation long endure and lead the world when ten per cent of the adult population cannot read the laws? When out of the first two million men drafted a total of two hundred thousand could not read their orders or understand them when they were delivered? What should be said of a democracy in which one of its states expends the grand total of six dollars per child per year for sustaining its public school system? Of a democracy which permits tens of thousands of its native-born children to be taught American History in a foreign language, the Declaration of Independence and Lincoln's Gettysburg speech in German and other tongues? Yet, all this is true of the United States. The situation is grave!

How can we prevent it? We must educate the children of the people who have not had a chance, because these children are the future voters and we must have intelligent voters! Second, we must consider the negro. For him and his conditions we are responsible as for no one else. He came here without exercising his own will. He was made a citizen without discrimination. The Indian, we feel we are responsible for as a nation and we give him an education—a most practical one. But the negro for whom we are more directly responsible we have permitted to go on with meager educational facilities. We should give him the best advantages in education, thus making him an asset to our country.

The foreign born are perhaps the most important. We have drawn these people here by the generosity of our laws. We have said to them that, coming clean they would be welcome. They came, some for economic reasons; others came desiring that they might have the larger satisfaction of an independent unhampered growth as men among equals. They came until finally we had to put certain restrictions on their coming. Now, among other things a person has to be able to read forty words in some language. To show how eager foreigners are to get into our country I will tell the following story told me by a friend who visited a port of disembarkation. "An old man was handed the card to read and to anyone not knowing what was on the card or the language he was speaking it might have seemed that he was reading it correctly. The inspector reported, however, that the man was not reading the words on the card but was muttering over and over 'give you fifty dollars if you let me by.'" He was probably hoping that the inspector would either not understand him or else take the bribe.

If the immigrant coming to our country is to be made a working part of our nation he must be taught American ways and the American language, in order that he may receive the most from his residence in our country and we benefit by his presence.

It is most urgent therefore that the United States, in order to have a better democracy, go to work and do its utmost in educating its present and future citizens.

Marion Barbour '26

The Student Council

A GOVERNMENT by the students, for the students, and of the students—is the purpose of having a Student Council. This year the Student Council is making every effort possible to improve conditions in P. H. S. Every Friday the Council devotes at least one period discussing and reporting improvements, suggested by some of the pupils or by themselves, which, with the approval of Mr. Strout, will be put into effect.

There are many little things which are overlooked by the principal, teachers and janitors because they do not come in contact with them. The only way to remedy these is for the pupils to speak about them. Our principal, teachers and janitor want us to have things the best way possible, and they need a few hints now and then the same as other *normal* people. If you have any suggestions to make, give them to your home room representative and I am sure that every member of the Council will seriously consider your suggestion.

It has been thru the efforts of the Student's Council that we are beginning to have real assemblies. Members of the Assembly Committee in the Council have been working earnestly and diligently to get participants for our assemblies. I think most everyone believes that both of the assemblies held last month were successes, thanks to our faculty and student workers.

The Student's Council does *not* run this school. You do! If you are dissatisfied, in some cases, it is your own fault. We don't mind if we have suggestions piled as high as the Tower of Babel, why we would enjoy it! but make them worthwhile. This is your school!

Isabel Patnode

A New High School

EVER since we've been in high school we've heard of the pressing need for a new school building. We've heard the comments passed which class our school as "antiquated" and "useless". So far the only good which has resulted is that it has furnished the committee with something to talk about.

But does a school consist only of the building? If we aren't going to have a new school building we can at least make it a new school in another sense. For if we have a new building but in it there is not the right spirit then the expense is an extravagance. So too, even if we are not in a new building we can at least have a school so full of good spirit both on the part of pupil and teacher that people in our community will point to it in pride.

What time more appropriate to begin this than during Educational Week? During this week we will have impressed upon us the privileges and untold advantages of education. So let us profit by this week and make an advance in our school. Let us pursue our studies with unflagging zeal. Let us show added interest and enthusiasm in our teams. Let us take part in the club activities and thru a combination of all three of these we may create a new and better spirit in Pittsfield High School.

Thus we will have founded a more lasting and effective new High School than this city can ever build us.

Lois Young

Physical Training An Essential Element in the Education of the Mind

IN the physical training department at Sheffield College, Sir George Newman said, "We want to get at our boys through their bodies." The body is to be the medium of training the boy; that is, the spiritual nature of the boy. There must be the direct mental training of school and other educative influences. When thinking of nations we are justified in taking for example the Ancient Greek whose intellectual eminence is evidenced not simply by their masterpieces of art and literature but that these masterpieces were understood and appreciated by the nation as a whole. This highly educated race made Physical Training an important part of general culture.

First, let us consider how Physical Training which is in itself definitely and purely physical is also in another way an aid to mental life.

Of course some people will say that they can not see how such actions as bending or stretching the arms, raising the heels, placing the feet astride, affect the intellect. They mean the actions in themselves, apart from the mental effort of attending to the word of command. The answer can be found in the relations between body and mind.

The senses that chiefly minister to mental life are, hearing, sight, touch and sense of muscular movement, and of these the one which concerns us most today is the sense of muscular training.

The baby's first idea of size, distance, form, and direction come through this medium. The distance to the coal-box, his usual goal, is measured by the amount of muscular energy expended in getting there. As he gets older he interprets these things in terms of sight.

Not only is the sense of muscular movement important at the beginning of life but is of vast importance in later life. Though a wholesome physical effect may still be produced when the exercise is learned, the direct educational value lies wholly in the learning process.

In modern educational gymnastics the command calls for attention, and the process, for thought. The pupil has to think of the organ to be moved and the direction, force, duration, and limit of the movement. Again the mind is not merely a thinking machine. It has other functions connected with active life. Alertness, decision, and courage, are as necessary as reason.

One of the most important things in Physical Education is the creation of team spirit which finds its fullest fruition in the games that have become a large part of the whole scheme.

"The boys" present life is what we are concerned about and you may be sure that the ways we are teaching boys to "play the game is reacting on their characters," quoted the athletic director, E. V. Howells, of the Roosevelt High School, Salt Lake City.

In Pittsburg, at the Elm Street School, after the introduction of a well-equipped playground under a competent director, it was found that corporal punishment dropped from 99 cases in the year 1901 to 21 in 1905, and truancy from 281 to 33; while in Chicago it is found that the authorities can reckon on a 44% reduction in juvenile crime in any district in which play-centers are provided.

The body serves man as a tool and as an organism. As a tool it puts him in a

condition to move, to seize and make objects. As an organism it is a collection of organs, lungs, heart, kidneys, etc.; which enable man to keep the body in a condition fit to do its work as a tool.

It has been found that the pre-occupation of the mind which these school-sports create is one of the best safeguards of young life. A healthy, strong and disciplined body is a less fertile soil for evil sowings than one that is unhealthy and inert.

The work has its issues in untold gains for our national life; not only in healthier and more active bodies, but in minds more alert and nobler characters.

In conclusion, let me quote the words of the mystic poet Novalis:—

"We touch heaven when we lay our hands on a human body."

E. Stoessel '25

"Hope," a Dream

THERE was once a man who was robbed of his last possession. The thief was caught and brought before the magistrate. The attorney for the defence admitted that his client was guilty, but appealed to the mercy of the court on the ground that the article stolen was of such small importance.

"What was the article?" asked the magistrate.

"The article, your honor," replied the attorney, "was Hope."

"Hope," exclaimed the magistrate, "Hope; and do you consider Hope of no importance?"

"Your honor, it seems to me that Hope is a dream, an illusion, and I do not understand why my client should have stolen so worthless an object. He could not have been in his right mind at the time, for no one in his right mind would risk the penalty of grand larceny for so valueless a thing. The object being a mere dream, an article that could not be disposed of. I beg to submit that no theft has therefore been committed and appeal to your honor, that the case be dismissed."

"I am sorry to differ with you," replied the magistrate. "This defendant stole something of value to the man from whom he stole it, a man so poor except for the thing stolen. Under these circumstances, it is for the court to decide upon the value of the thing stolen, and this value is decided by the necessity of the object to the man. In the case, now under hearing, that object happens to be the only thing of value left to the man from whom it was taken. It is priceless to him. It is of the greatest value. It must also have seemed valuable to the thief for otherwise he would not have stolen it. A theft has been committed, and by my judgment this man has been robbed of the most valuable possession a man can have—Hope. For whether or not Hope be a dream—an illusion, we have every right to believe that with this possession, the plaintiff could rebuild his life and once more become an honored member of society. The judgment of this court is then, that the stolen object be restored to its rightful owner and that the defendant himself be deprived of Hope for a year."

Who can dispute the wisdom of the magistrate? For even though Hope is a dream—an illusion, is not life itself an illusion. And what would life mean without hopes? Would life really be worth living if we were deprived of them? We may fail today, but we go on hoping for the morrow. They help us to attain that high standard that we are all striving to reach.

To keep our hopes or illusions is the one way to succeed in life.

Nettie Poch '25

A Grin

"WHAT does a little grin matter after all in a world of such big things," is what many ask. Yet what would the world be without the unwearying grin? Indeed, not much, for one little grin goes a long, long way.

Divide the world into two classes, better yet, your community, for you are in close touch with it. Call one class the grinners and the other the grumblers. First consider the grinners, what is life like to them? Their paths are strewn with roses, their burdens are light as feathers, they are unconscious of their being. What is their life like to others, they desire their presence, their homes are all enchanted. In times of sorrow they are comforts, in times of joy they are retainers and in times of need they are in ever ready spirits. These grins will soon become contagious.

Now consider the grumblers, what is life like to them? They are dissatisfied with everything, themselves mostly. They think because things do not always come their way that this is a terrible and unjust world. What are they like to others? They are never missed, in time their presence becomes a burden and they are soon shunned.

Now, put the question, what does a grin matter in a world of such big things? Think it over and let your motto be, "Have a grin for every one you meet and all the world will grin with you."

Harold Engelmann '26

Autumn

AUTUMN is by no means my favorite season, but more than spring or summer, it appeals to my sense of the beautiful. It is like a lovely gypsy girl, vivid and provocative. No one but she could wear the fall colors—from dull bronze to flaming crimson—without appearing crude and out of place. Coquettishly lifting her coppery skirt she reveals, a petticoat of blazing scarlet. About her slim waist, a sash of the dark, dull red of the woodbine is wound. Above her russet bodice, a bright canary blouse adds a spot of light to the rich and exotic costume. Her eyes are bold, but she is really as languid and drowsy as a September noon. Twined in her dark hair are thorn berries, startlingly vivid in their black setting.

But as the days grow shorter and the frosts sharper, the pretty Romany maid reluctantly leaves, scattering behind only a few bright scraps of her gay costume, as remembrances of the sway of the gypsy queen. Now, at each chilling gust of wind, tearing ruthlessly from the trees and hurling about in swirling circle, the brown and withered leaves,—we shiver and think with regret and longing of the voluptuous warmth and beauty of September, and see only the grim austerity of an angular, unlovely old spinster. Jealous of her predecessor's popularity, she unrelentingly sends drenching rains and biting cold, seeking by her hard and bitter rule to take revenge for the joy and pleasure of the early fall. She stands as the inexorable sign-post and warning of winter, the transitional period, lacking the late summer's heat or Indian summer's romantic haziness.

M. Tompkins '26

Pittsfield High School Should Participate in More Sports

FOR years the High Schools throughout the country featured only four sports. Baseball, football, basketball, and track. Now, however, Athletics have taken a more prominent part in every High School's "Student Activities" and as a result, other sports have gradually developed. It has been found that with an increase in the number of sports, more pupils are able to participate in them, and thus they increase a student's interest in Athletics. I believe that Pittsfield High School should encourage the formation of teams in tennis, soccer, hockey, skiing, rowing and skating. I also believe that a hiking club would be popular. The creation of such a club would mean a great deal to students who could not enjoy any of the before mentioned sports.

Clarence Trudell

Patronize Our Advertisers

A GREAT number of the students of P. H. S. do not realize that there is a business section of the *Student's Pen*, and that it is a very important section. Every month the members of this department go to the business firms of the City and ask for advertisements. Many of these firms, who advertise, do so because they think that they are helping the *Pen*, but we don't want them to feel this way. We want them to feel that it is to their advantage to advertise in our *Student's Pen*. It is really *their* money for these advertisements, that publishes the *Pen*. So, pupils of P. H. S., if you wish a magazine, patronize our advertisers—and, when you are buying from them, mention the *Student's Pen*.

Katherine Coughlin '25

Continuation Schools

THE continuation or, part time school as one of its chief exponents describe it, is an open door of opportunity between the factory gate, the employment office, and the superintendent's chair. The continuation school aims to provide education for employed children, during their formative and plastic years.

All civilized countries now have laws restricting the employment of children in industrial pursuits. These laws have been established in order to control first the parents who have sacrificed the welfare of their children for money, and second, the greedy employers who have employed children instead of adults in order to secure cheap labor. The "Cry of Children" by Mrs. Browning applies very well to these cases.

"Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's soul, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark."

The state of Wisconsin has been taken as a model to other states in the forming of continuation schools. Every year approximately 30,000 boys and girls leave the regular full time school to enter the industrial establishments of the state.

In 1911 the school laws of the state were revised to meet the requirements of the new industrial conditions. This law forbade any child to be employed before he had reached the age of fourteen years and had completed the eighth grade,

Every child between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, who worked were obliged to be in school half time unless he had graduated from high school. Children between the ages sixteen and eighteen were obliged to be in school eight hours each week.

In our own state, Massachusetts, continuation school is controlled by a board appointed by the local board of education, which consists of two employers, two employees and the superintendent of schools. It is their duty to establish a part time school which they may provide for by building a new one or arranging to use another one. They have the power to issue bonds for a new building and may, if they wish, levy one and one-half mill tax on city property regardless of the action of the council.

In our own city we have a continuation school and it is held right here in our own building. All the children who are under sixteen and who are employed in factories or mills attend this school every week.

Some of the advantages gained from holding this school are first, it helps to make better citizens and unless we have intelligent citizens we cannot expect our country to advance in knowledge and industry, then too, the joys of living, which help to make better workmen and more intelligent consumers, are increased.

Anna Quirk '25

Giving Thanks

THE usual way of giving thanks is to eat as much of a delicious Thanksgiving dinner as possible and, perhaps, when our appetites are satisfied, to consider what we have to be thankful for.

However, there are other ways of showing gratitude. We might, for instance, follow the motto which says "If you can't return a kindness, pass it on." We certainly can't return all the kindnesses we are given, but we can pass on kindnesses, if not of exactly the same kind, still of the same purpose. A kindness always brings cheer into our hearts, so let us pass on that cheer. Instead of giving long discourses on our troubles and thereby showing that everything is wrong with the world, let us speak of pleasanter topics. Trouble may seem greater than joy, but joy is only made smaller by being forgotten.

Winifred Kilbridge

Purple and White

WHAT do our school colors stand for? What have we made them represent? What shall we make them represent? We have started a new year and also a new chapter in the history of our school. Will we succeed or fail? It is a challenge fellow students flung out to us by the previous students who gave so much for the purple and white. Are we going to get behind our teams and student activities, start them on the road to victory or are we going to leave everything for the other student to do, while we stand back and criticise? Which is it to be victory or defeat? If we do not give the best that is in us we are placing a blot upon the name of our purple and white. Wake up Pittsfield, we are all fellow students trying to help one another. Wake up!

M. Robbins '25

"Freshies" First Day at School

ONE bright morning in September, a wee little "Freshie" tottered across the waste, expansive Common, with his eyes fixed straight ahead, seeing only a "beautiful" yellow brick building. At last! He was going to high school! Oh—How his heart thrilled with pride! No one could call *him* a "baby", *he* was a Freshman, now!

With a starry look in his eyes, our "Freshie" approached nearer and nearer to that "beautiful" yellow brick building, but as he neared the "snowy-white" stone steps leading up to the doors, he stopped. "Why, what was the matter with him?" He looked around, and saw hurrying into the building a great many people, but how big they looked! At first our little "Freshie" was really scared, but after a moment's thought, threw back his shoulders and ran up the stairs, but here again he stopped. "How was he ever going to open that door?" He seized the knob with both hands and gave a big pull but of no avail. To think that he had come all the way to high school and then couldn't open the door. Ah! What horrors! But wait—here comes some one to his rescue! Suddenly a hand reached over his head and the door was thrown wide open. "You had better go home and grow up, little one" said a teasing voice; but these words were lost on "Freshie" for he was now in high school at last.

But alas! his troubles had only begun. First he was herded into the auditorium with a hundred others like himself and after being given slips called "schedules," which were covered with unintelligible symbols and numbers, he was led to the top floor with his fellow sufferers and all were distributed into various rooms.

As he settled into the seat, assigned to him, "Freshie" breathed a sigh of relief but immediately he was disturbed by the loud ringing of a bell and the teacher saying—"You will all go to your first period class."

"First period class!"—that sounded like Greek to him. But he bravely followed the others out into the hall and a kindly Senior, who was passing, at the request, interpreted the symbols on his schedule, telling him where to go.

After several attempts, "Freshie" reached the appointed room. He was about to sit down, when the teacher beckoned to him. He went to her and after telling his name and a great many facts about his life history, he was allowed to sit down. Glancing about the room, he was surprised to recognize several Freshmen friends. This gave him new heart because up to this time he had thought himself the only person new at school. He was just beginning a conversation with one of these friends when the bell rang again. Poor little "Freshie" his troubles were just beginning again when he had thought them to be all over.

How he got through six periods only a Freshman knows but at last he found himself back in the room he had left so many hours (or was it days?) before. When the closing bell rang he managed to stagger down the two long flights of stairs, loaded with books, and as he walked across the Common with his back to that "beautiful yellow brick building" he was a very tired but much wiser "boy".

Moral: To be a Freshman isn't the grandest thing in the world.

Kathleen Roscoe

Eaton, Crane & Pike Company

AS future citizens of Pittsfield we should all feel proud in the knowledge that some of the finest stationery in the world is made in our own city. For thirty years Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. have been making writing paper under the trade name of "Made in Berkshire". Perhaps no trade name could signify more, for the Berkshire Hills have been famous for many generations as a paper center. But how many people are even slightly acquainted with the history of this famous concern?

The present company grew out of the Hurlbut Paper Manufacturing Company which was established in 1822. In 1893, the president of the Hurlbut company, Mr. Arthur W. Eaton, now the president of Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., was farsighted enough to see the great possibilities in the development of fine stationery, and decided to organize a branch company to manufacture the product of the Hurlbut company into stationery. Mr. Wm. A. Pike, formerly of Hard & Pike Co., a stationery manufacturing concern of New York, was associated with Mr. Eaton in this enterprise. Under them the business soon attained such a reputation that it was organized separately, in 1899, as the Eaton, Hurlbut Paper Company.

In 1908 arrangements were made for making into stationery the products of the Crane Mills of Dalton, which, at that time, were proud to look back on 107 years of successful business. The Crane papers had been looked upon as standards of quality for many years.

In the same year Eaton, Hurlbut Paper Co. was reorganized as Eaton, Crane & Pike Company, and this organization continues to the present day.

The Company started modestly in a building formerly the property of the Terry Clock Co. After a few years the business absorbed the Berkshire Typewriter Paper Co. and the Sisson and Robinson Box Shop. In 1908 a new building, known as Factory No. 2 was added, and, in 1913, the famous Airedale Mills became Factory No. 3.

During 1920, a large, new building for storing and shipping purposes was built as part of Factory No. 1, and last year the plant of the Pittsfield Machine & Tool Co., formerly the Teleelectric Piano Player Co., was purchased, and is now Factory No. 4. These four large factories, covering a floor space of 8.32 acres, constitute the present plant.

A manufacturing concern, however, cannot live on its history but must be progressive, and Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. have kept ahead of competition, 1—by developing the quality of their product; 2—by dealing fairly with their employees; and 3—by progressing in the methods of selling and distributing their products.

In developing the quality of their product, they have designed and built many machines of their own and, thru constant experimenting, have worked out many methods and processes in advance of the art.

The Company believes in making work attractive for their employees and, as a result, they have built up a remarkable personnel. A restaurant for the use of employees is operated in the main plant and food is sold very reasonably.



THE BEECH GROVE CLUB

There is a noon-hour committee which provides for amusements during lunch time in the Recreation Room. An Athletic Association, which collects no dues and to which everyone in the organization automatically belongs, promotes a large variety of indoor and outdoor, winter and summer sports. The A. A. belongs to the Industrial League which arranges matches for teams from all the factories in town. The employees edit a magazine called "Made in Berkshire" which keeps all the departments of the plant in touch with each other and promotes a good-spirited feeling among the workers. Thru the magazine the Company carries on efficiency campaigns and awards prizes for valuable suggestions. The magazine develops interest by holding snapshot and poetry contests, etc. Numerous social events are promoted by the employees and much of the proceeds is donated to charity. There is a Mutual Aid Association which pays sick benefits and in other ways helps unfortunate members. For the convenience of the out-of-town girls employed in the plant, the Company recently established Beech Grove Club where these girls can obtain board and room at reasonable rates and have the valuable companionship of other girls. It is also a meeting place for many social gatherings of the employees. The club has a Ford truck which the girls affectionately christened "Bumpsus", and which is used for their many excursions about the country.

In developing the sales and distribution end of the business, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. have studied advertising methods and developed plans for the quick delivery of their products. They keep their products before the eyes of the public by advertising in the national magazines and have established Service Stations in the larger cities to insure prompt deliveries on all orders. A magazine known as "Pull-Together", devoted to broadcasting selling ideas and business

producing methods for dealers in stationery, is published by the Dealer Service Division of Eaton, Crane & Pike Co.

Thus it is easily seen why we should feel proud to know that such a creditable organization in our home city considers it a valuable asset to their business to have their products advertised under the name of "Made in Berkshire."

An employee of Eaton, Crane & Pike Company has expressed in poetry what I have vainly tried to express in prose, that:

There's a plant right here in Pittsfield
Known as Eaton, Crane & Pike,
Where they make the finest paper
That no other can be like.
There are rivers, mighty rivers
That from little fountains flow,
There are trees of great dimensions
That from little acorns grow.
For this plant is daily growing
And its branches have spread out,
And its products are demanded
In the East, West, North and South,
It has gone across the ocean
And it's sold in many lands.

By *Ira T. May*,
Pittsfield High School '25

The Little Things That Count

"IT is the little things that count." How often we hear this expression! They tell us to give something to the *Pen*. Even little things count. We are told to be courteous, and little acts of kindness count. In short, if we take care of the little things, the big things will take care of themselves.

Now we are told, and, it is as true as the previously mentioned fact, to save our change—the dimes, nickels and, yes, even pennies. The dollars will take care of themselves. Where shall we save? Why, what place more natural than the School-bank? We all pass through the first floor corridor sometime during recess. Surely, everyone admits that ten cents a day is not much, but fifty cents a week will soon amount to quite a sum. Just the old saying "It is the little things that count". Let us not forget:—

For want of a nail, a shoe was lost,
For want of a shoe a horse was lost,
For want of a horse, a general was lost,
For want of a general, a battle was lost.
For want of a battle, a country was lost.

"Little things count! !"

Margaret Maloney

Millionaire Mike's Thanksgiving

MR. George Michael Joyce, millionaire sat in his wheel-chair on the dock watching the people hurriedly getting off of the steamer.

Thanksgiving Day and he was alone! The bitterness of it struck him. Oh, yes, he could have company enough, if he cared to entertain or be entertained by his wealthy friends. But wasn't money their only motive? Would anyone of them bother with him if he were not the rich man he was? He had had invitations enough for the day but these he had scornfully declined. Now his last hope of passing a pleasant day had vanished. His nephew, his brothers only son, had promised to be with him on Thanksgiving. Coming down to the dock to meet him the uncle received, instead, a cable stating that the young man would not arrive.

Mere selfishness! Couldn't he postpone his business until some later day and keep his appointment with his uncle? But then, weren't people always selfish—always looking out for their own good?

Life had seemed very hard to George Joyce ever since that day in France when—. But he never could think of it. It had been too horrible—the result being that he was left with his legs crippled and forced to spend the rest of his life in a wheel-chair. If he had a family, life would not be so hard but he was alone—utterly alone.

Where was that valet? Did it take him all this time to answer that cable? He fumbled the papers in his lap restlessly. Yes, he would go home and read the various newspapers he had bought. Fine Thanksgiving!

"Paper, Mister?"

"Huh, haven't I got enough of my own?" grunted Joyce to the newsboy who had approached.

"Oh, I see. You're selling them, too. How's business? But here, I am almost thru now. Let me sell yours for you. It's getting cold and going to snow," said the boy with a spurt of kindness. "Then you can go home and enjoy your turkey."

"No turkey for me today. I'm spending the day alone," replied Joyce, too surprised at the boys' sudden surmise that he too, had been selling papers, to correct him.

"Oh, but say," said the boy with a pitying glance. "Come up to the house with me and join in on ours. Mom will be delighted, you know. This is a day for thanks and this is one of the best ways of showing it. Come on, we'll sell the papers on the way."

The boy grasped the back of the chair in which the millionaire turned and breathlessly started to protest.

But, after all, why not? He surely might not enjoy himself with this strange boy and his family but then, would he otherwise? It was the same, one way as the other. He had had nothing unusual happen in years and this promised to be a change. So he allowed himself to be wheeled along.

"Say," chattered the boy. "Might as well get acquainted. My name's Bob—Bob Lynch. "What's yours?"

"Mike," answered Joyce after a hesitation, and giving a childhood nickname.

"Well, here we are," said Bob as he stopped in front of a shabby two story house in a side street. "Already for the feast."

He wheeled his new friend into the first floor apartment.

"Oh, Mom," he called. Then, as a kind looking middle-aged woman appeared he explained. "Here is a friend of the paper business. As he didn't have any place of his own he consented to be our guest. How's the turkey?"

"That's fine. Company for dinner—and the turkey is extra large. Welcome to our home, sir. What's the name, Bob?"

"Just Mike, Mother."

"All right, Mr. Mike. Come right into the dining room. Dinner is ready."

"Mike" was having quite a surprise. Here was this woman, who, by appearances, was far from being well-to-do, receiving, unquestioning, into her home an unexpected guest, a total stranger, and inviting him hospitably to share her holiday dinner. Joyce was beginning to have a different idea of life and of people.

In the dark unpretentious dining room, excitement was high. Four young children crowded eagerly around the table waiting for the food to be served.

They received the millionaire shyly but with friendly manner. Here, too, observed the guest, was a splendid show of generosity. Cordially and unselfishly they received into their midst the stranger who was to share their meal.

The five children and the mother comprised the family. The father, he learned, had died three years previous.

Then followed such a dinner as the millionaire had never partaken. He, who, day in and day out, sat alone in his large, handsomely furnished dining-room, waited upon and catered to by servants, found himself enjoying immensely this hearty meal served by a strange woman, who endeavored and successfully, to make him feel at home.

Merriment was on all sides—laughter from the children and from Joyce, too. That he was laughing surprised the millionaire but then, wasn't this honest, simple life so entirely different from the false life of pretense that he knew?

After the table had been cleared Mrs. Lynch set herself to entertain the stranger; nothing of his life or of himself did she ask. Enough it was to know that her son had chosen this man as his guest. Joyce happily joked and played with the family.

The afternoon passed pleasantly and swiftly, too swiftly, thought Joyce, as the time came for him to leave.

"You must come often, Mr. Mike," invited Mrs. Lynch cordially. "The children have never enjoyed anybody as they have you today, and it seems so good to have company. You know, we are so alone here."

"I can never tell you how I have enjoyed the day," responded "Mike" earnestly. "Never have I anywhere been made to feel so welcome. Indeed, I will come again if you will allow me."

Bob brought his friend within three blocks of where Joyce lived, and then left him as the millionaire did not wish the boy to see his magnificent home.

As Joyce slowly wheeled himself homeward his thoughts were very busy. To-day he had seen life and people as God intended them to be. Nothing of selfishness and greed pervaded that household. Poverty, he had been keen to see, was not far from it, but all the happiness and love worth having were the chief element of that humble home. Mrs. Lynch, so kind, so anxious to hide from him the fact that they could not afford many guests, had been willing to sacrifice to feed this stranger. The children, too, had been so generous in sharing their turkey, they, who, undoubtedly, often had to go without even the plainest of meats. The kindness of it all hurt Joyce. And he had not believed such a thing existed! What a good thing that he had not found out too late! Now his life and money would be made some use of. With his wealth he would insure the prosperity of this family. He would be cautious, of course, they were proud people in spite of their position. What happiness he would get from helping them! They, who had shared with him their best meal, supposing him poor as themselves, would receive the best of his wealth. A new home and luxuries for Mrs. Lynch, clothes and toys for the children, college for Bob—and all from "Just Mike."

Ann Gleason.

The Girl at the Wheel

TWILIGHT had shaded into night and the stars were twinkling in the heavens when a small yellow roadster whizzed up the Henderson driveway and rolled into the garage.

A young girl of not more than twenty jumped from the car and stepping back paused to survey her speedy means of conveyance. In the beginning she addressed her roadster in a friendly fashion but suddenly changed to one of seriousness as some ugly memory came to her.

"Old Scout, you and I have been the best of pals but yet people disapprove of us. They just won't stand for our roamy little game any longer. We are heading for a slow down on a bad fall."

The glarey headlights flashed out and the garage doors banged. With her hands thrust deep in her sport-suit pockets, Jess trudged off toward the house.

The big brick house loomed dreary and unfriendly in the bright moonlight. The Henderson place was a costly structure and an old landmark but not a happy home. There were no cheery voices nor gleaming lights to welcome the wanderer. Dad wasn't home. He was never home any more. His business and his city clubs kept him away from his lonely daughter.

Ah! Back in the kitchen there was a light. Yes, old Hannah, the cook, could always be relied upon, but servants, no matter how faithful, could not complete a household.

So it was that Jess Henderson, unrestrained and carefree, fluttered here and there seeking to hide a lonely heart and so it was that the gossiping, narrow-minded townspeople censored her severely because she was so unlike them.

Entering the house, she threw herself on a sofa and lay thinking, thinking. Soon Hannah appeared in the doorway.

It's a long time I've been waiting, Miss Jessica, for you to come to supper. What ails you that you're not wanting to eat the minute you get home anymore?"

"Oh, I'll be right in, Hannah, dear. Guess I'm just tired."

She forgot her loneliness and in a few minutes she was eating heartily. But something seemed wrong with faithful Hannah. Jess noticed that her eyes were red and her voice unsteady. She at once began to manifest a keen interest in her friend.

"Hannah dear, something worries you. Please tell me your troubles as I have always told you mine."

"I hate to be spoiling your good times with my troubles but since you asked me, I'll tell you. It's about my son, Jimmy. He is sick, terrible sick. I just got a yellow paper that tells about it. He is a hundred miles away sick and waiting for his old mother. He has only a few hours to live."

"Then you must go Hannah. You must leave the first thing in the morning."

"Thanks, but in a few hours it will be too late. Oh, Jimmy, my poor boy. I ought to be with you now."

Jess was thinking. She glanced at her watch and rose from the table. "Hannah, dear, what's a hundred miles to us. Nothing will keep you from your son who needs you. You shall see Jimmy at once. You will have to ride in my roadster. Come on!"

A yellow roadster leaped into the dark stillness of the night. A plucky girl gripped the wheel and a frightened woman cuddled close to her. Through the city out into the country at the highest speed they whizzed by. They arrived. The doctor led an anxious mother to her son.

"It's been a hard fight but your coming at this time will work wonders."

Then Jess knew that she had accomplished her purpose. The doctor turned to her and grasped her hand in a friendly manner.

"You have done a good night's work," he said softly. "I didn't think that girls like you and yellow roadsters existed outside of books and dreams."

"I'm nothing much," she answered. "Only a girl, whose misdeeds shock the narrow-minded townspeople. But I really feel, tonight, as if I had done something worth while in this world."

Minnie Lightman.

His Father's Wish

JOHN Norton's one ambition was to make the Hampton Football team. During his first three years at college he had managed to make the second team, but in his senior year, he had actually made the varsity squad. He made the team, not thru his brilliant playing, but because the three men ahead of him, playing this position, had received a broken ankle, a wrenched shoulder, and an injured knee.

It was about a week before the great Cornwallis game when the head coach had decided that he, John Norton, should play right tackle for Hampton. However, just before the game he was summoned to the coaches' office where he found, that, after a lengthy discussion between the coaches they had decided that he was a little too light. Consequently he viewed the game with the rest of the second team.

This took place in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety, and Norton graduated from College without having gained his passionate wish. But he determined that some day another John Norton would be the hero of Hampton College.

Shortly after graduating he married the belle of his home town, Miss Marjorie Gentel. In nineteen hundred and two John Norton Jr. was brought forth into this world. On his third birthday his father brought home four small standards with a crossbar on each pair. He set them up in the child's nursery and after drop kicking an egg-shaped ball over the bar a few times he gave it to the child. In his first attempts John fell over on the floor and missed the ball entirely.

This work was kept up until the boy's fifth birthday when John Sr. brought home some larger poles and a larger ball. The poles were set up in the small yard in the rear of the house. At a distance of ten yards he could "drop kick" the ball over the cross-member every time.

When the youth reached the age of seven his yard was no longer big enough to take care of his "kicks". Consequently his father bought a house in a small settlement just outside of the city limits. Here was a yard almost as large as a regular football field. The goal posts were set up at both ends and he began his practice once more.

Next came the grammar school days in which he proved to be the best punter and drop-kicker in the city. Upon entering high school he made the second team, and after four years of hard practice, both at school and at home, John Jr. went to Kent Preparatory School. During his two year stay at Kent he became the best known punter and half-back in the state.

Now came John Sr's most expectant year. It was the fifteenth of September when his son entered the portals of Hampton College. In his second year he made the varsity eleven. After two successive years of football, his senior year had come at last.

The day, the twenty-third of November, Hampton was playing Cornwall, their most formidable opponent, when John strained the ligaments of his leg. The coaches held a brief talk and decided to put him in.

Up to the last quarter the score had been nothing and nothing. But what had become of John's sensational plays? He had been thinking "why do they want me to punt?" Why can't I play football as the others do?

These and many other questions had been running thru his mind. With but three minutes to play he received a jolt and his head became as clear as a bell. He received the ball and instead of placing a well aimed kick between the bars he started on an end run. Yard after yard was "torn" off before Buckley the Cornwall halfback succeeded in stopping him.

Clear and loud rang out Simmons numbers. Once again he received the ball and making a center rush carried the ball over the line. But in doing so he had been caught in the moving mass of humanity. Hampton recovered the ball and John made ready for a drop-kick. It went over the goal posts and the yells from the spectators drowned out the whistle.

But something was wrong! As far as the outward appearance, the cost of victory had been very small, but it was soon discovered that he had broken two

ribs. The greeting by both team and spectators more than repaid the father and son for the work of many years. Now the name of Norton had been honored as it might have been many years ago when the probable star of Hampton had received the disappointing news of his inability to play the game of the season.

John Dormer '25

"Burning Timbers"

ON the top of the highest peak of a long low mountain range, Clara Tower and her father lived in a small cosy-looking cottage. The spring before, her father was made forest fire warden of the surrounding district for there had been many big forest fires on the nearby mountains the year before. They now had a big steel tower guarding their home, where her father had to go once an hour during the fall months to look for forest fires.

Clara was a strong girl, twenty years old and had graduated from the high school in the town below when she was eighteen. The only time she left her father who was almost sixty-five was on Saturday when she went to town for provisions. It took her all day to make the trip for it was a long hard climb on a mountain road. She rode horse back, for if she walked, she had three miles to walk to the nearest farmhouse where she might by chance get a ride into the town seven miles away.

On this certain Saturday in late October she started out on her horse as usual for town. They went along nicely all the way to town and she was about in the middle of her shopping when the clerk asked if her father was with her. Upon replying no, the clerk looked in surprise at her and said, "Ain't you heard the mountain, your mountain's on fire, I says, on fire."

"Well what of that, there's been five or six in the last couple of weeks. They can put it out easily, I guess," she answered calmly, "Isn't very big one, is it?"

"Big, why say most half the mountains—" She was gone—her eye had caught one corner of the mountain. Her horse responded to her pet words. Away they flew, ten miles to go for her father, for in that one glance she knew he could not come down. On, on she rode, faster and faster the horse carried her. He knew what a forest fire was, had been in one or two before. They were out in the open country with five more miles to go. The horse as well as Clara had become tired and the horse slowed up.

"Oh faster, faster, Donny Grey, we've got to get there before the fire," Clara whispered in his ear. Soon men and woman came into the road to stop her.

"It's better for your father to perish alone than for you to loose your life also, one would shout as she went by.

"Stay here, live with me, do not go on," another would say.

"Wait!", "stop!" she also heard as she flew by but did not heed any of them. She only leaned over and whispered, "Don, my boy, only four more miles to go." The horse started faster and they soon reached the last house, where she was stopped.

"Please stay you foolish child, you'll only perish in the flames. Stay here with me. Your father can stay in the tower," the woman begged.

"But this fire will not be out tonight, and Dad hasn't anything to eat and may be he can't get there and if he's anywhere he's on this road and I must be off, please leave go. I'll be back in an hour or more," Clara replied to the woman.

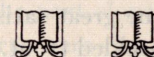
Off she flew again, and was soon lost in the burning woods. She covered the horses head with a wool blanket taken from under the saddle, and held one of her hands over her own nose, steering the horse with the other hand. They soon covered half the remaining distance, then the horse stumbled and fell. Up she got and led the horse on through the burning timber. She stumbled along, falling four times in the remaining mile and a half. She reached the top however, before the fire, but her father was not in sight. She called, coughed, then called again, but there was no answer of any kind. She looked in all directions, tied the horse to the tower and then climbed as fast as she could to the top. Looking in all directions she found that there was only one clear space but there was no pass through it. Men were fighting the fire around the base of the mountain seeming to force it toward their home. Seeing that she was alone on the top she decided to get a few things from the house and start back. Upon entering the cottage she saw her father lying on the floor, unconscious and bound in ropes. She quickly unbound him, half carried, half dragged him to her horse, tied him on it, ran to the house, took their money, the few pieces of jewelry her mother had left her, some clothes tied in a blanket and ran back to her horse. After tying these on she led the horse back to the road. Soon into the burning forests they went. She had to guide her horse, find and keep the way and try to keep herself from smothering. They went over burning logs and often left the road to avoid the blazing trees. The horse as well as Clara stumbled but she kept on until they had a half mile more to go to the nearest house. The horse knowing the conditions obeyed his mistress. When they had almost reached the last of the burning woods, Clara whispered, "Go on, Don Grey, on—, on—" She fell helpless to the ground. The horse immediately started trotting, then galloped down the mountain.

It seemed to Clara but a short time later that she opened her eyes, but it was really Sunday noon. She was lying on a comfortable couch in a farm house.

She learned that a national search was being made for a certain man who had visited her father during her absence. It seems that this man wanting her father's position, had tried to make him leave and let him work under his name. Her father objected, the man then bound him in the ropes, went to the tower, blew a shrill whistle and came down. Then thinking that the man might get away he hit him over the head with a piece of fire wood and then disappeared. In less than half an hour a dozen or more fires were blazing near the foot of the mountain.

Clara had saved her father and the few things she brought with her for now the mountain as well as their cozy little cottage was a smoking mass of half burnt wood.

Evelyn Seymour '25.



An Old Fashioned Thanksgiving Day

UP bright and early in the morning on Thanksgiving, because everybody's going to Grandma's and Oh! what fun we'll all have.

Everybody bundled snug and warm in the old sleigh, then our arrival at the old farmhouse. Mercy! what a crowd of aunts, uncles, mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, and cousins, everybody laughing and talking at once. Then the dinner gong sounds and everybody moves towards the dining room where one of Grandmother's famous dinners will be served to the appreciative gathering.

What a dinner! Snow white bread with golden butter, creamy mashed potatoes, turnip, squash, all kinds of pickles, current jelly, and of course the turkey, crisp and brown on the great platter, stuffed with dressing and spices; cranberries, vivid spots of red against the snowy cloth. At last when everyone thinks he can eat no more, then come the deserts, pies! squash, pumpkin, apple, mince, and berry. What a combination! At last we leave the table and go to the living room, where the older people talk and tell stories, while the younger ones go out of doors to frolic in the snow.

Evening draws near and all gather about the fireplace where apples are eaten, corn popped, and nuts roasted, and everyone is jolly.

At last the ride home in the sleigh, all happy and contented, as we dash over the frozen ground, while the "Old Man in the Moon" looks down and smiles on our tired but happy faces.

Leone Pritchard '25

Memories

1.

"How close to my heart are the mem'ries of childhood"
And especially so of the trout brook near by.

When with fish rod and bait box, I strode down the driveway,
With mind full expectant, some beauties to spy.

2.

For many long weeks my thoughts had been centered
On April 15 when the law was dismissed,
And, an hour before dawn, I was up dressed and ready,
To try out my luck on the sly, gamey fish.

3.

How well I remember my feelings those mornings,
As I crept long the banks of the river alone.
Oh! Those were the days when a feller felt happy,
As with quota in basket, I proudly went home.

4.

Tired and hungry? Oh yes, but what mattered that?
As compared with the pleasure the day had dealt out.
The thought even now gives me great satisfaction,
As in fancy, I see those fine speckled trout.

Leslie Deming

The Race To The Valley

THE great blizzard which had raged over the hills for a week was the worst in eighty years, according to Grandfather Williams. On Monday, it was a friendly little snow-storm; by Wednesday it had grown fiercer; and by Friday the snow was piled high, almost, as the eaves about the Williams homestead. Friday afternoon, the sun shone brightly for a time; at night the air was cold and keen; Saturday morning found the great drifts and banks of snow with a frozen crust.

Gordon Williams and his younger brother Ted hailed the appearance of the crust with delight; but before they had a chance to skate or slide upon it, trouble came sudden and shocking.

They were at dinner, when they heard a fumbling at the door, and in staggered an exhausted man—La Fren, the little Frenchman who owned the farm above. His eyes, dark and big, were full of terror. He was torn about the knees, and bits of red stains showed on his leggings. In his arms, he held something closely wrapped. "The crust—she is hard, the snow-deep! I canna get tru! Meester Williams, my baby—she is seeck! You can do something?" he cried.

Dinner was forgotten. Mrs. Williams took the baby with a low word of amazement, and unwrapped it. A glance with her mother eyes, and she knew the baby was not only sick, but very sick.

She looked at her husband with a frightened expression. All the time La Fren had been telling in his broken English how the baby had caught cold the day before and grown steadily worse. Owing to the storm he had not been able to reach the village.

"That baby ought to be in a doctor's hands, but there is no chance of getting into the village for a few days. What can we do?" spoke up Mr. Williams.

"We must do something, the baby has pneumonia why, she will—will." Mrs. Williams could not say the dreaded word.

Ted, who had been planning, spoke up. "Dad, why can't Gordon and I take her in on the bob-sled? It's down hill most of the way. Wrap her up well and say that we can."

Soon the child was put in a big basket and securely fastened on to the sled. The sled, called "Lightning Tom" by the boys was fast and equipped with a brake.

After warning the boys of the desperate chance they were taking, Mr. Williams gave them a push off.

They were off. Gordon sitting in front turned to his brother saying, "Same old signals, Ted. When my head goes back, turn on the brake."

Before them lay a vast whiteness sloping away for miles to the river road. Walls, fences, everything had disappeared. Nearing the end of the hillside, he bent his head back, and felt the brakes touch the crust just enough to slow down their speed.

Jumping off, he and Ted seized the pulling ropes and running lightly dragged the sled over the flat stretch to the next slope. They were off once more. Ted was doing his part. Where the turns were sharp Gordon heard the brakes bite into the crust.

Nearing the bottom of the hill road, they turned. Gordon gave a cry of horror. In their path loomed a huge tree, but Ted was on his job. Jumping to their feet they worked the sled around the fallen tree and once again set off. They had now reached the bottom of one hill in safety.

At the top of the next hill, Gordon turned to Ted, solemnly seated at his wheel "Ted, old boy, stick by the wheel. It's the last dash!"

Down they went, with a feeling of relief that the danger was lessening. Gordon drew on his right grip as they reached the last curve. His heart jumped. The sled turned, but not enough. He jerked hard—Snap! and "Lightning Tom" shot for the bank! Guided by a wild instinct, Gordon still clung to the ropes. One had broken! The world seemed to tip half over; a vast white hole opened before him! He had the sickening sensation of a relentless something pulling him down into it, slowly, slowly, then—the sled passed. "I've got it!" a shrill voice cried, and the world seemed to swing back to its normal position.

The scene cleared, Gordon blinked for a moment, then rolled from the sled and sat down, trembling with the strain. He saw what had happened. The steering rope, frayed by hard service on the upper road had broken; but the sled had been held fast at the very brink of the ravine by the faithful brakes, sent with one whirl of the wheel deep into the crust.

"Worse than the tree, Gordon," Ted said, drawing a deep breath, "but it's clear sailing now. Let's fix the rope and then—hustle."

The dangerous part of their journey was over. "Lightning Tom" once more under control, took the road and went gliding with whistling runners into a valley.

Across the wide snow buried meadows, they could see the white roofs, the curling smoke of the village homes. It cheered them to a last effort.

Fences and walls were out of sight; and when they came to the first house, to which a road had been broken, they swung away into the open places where the crust made their progress easier.

A man called to them, but they kept steadily on, till they reached the doctor's house. At a shouted summons he came out. He listened with astonishment to their message, then, working with wonderful swiftness, loosed the basket and hurried into the house.

Gordon and Ted, wearied out with their race against death, sat down and waited. After what seemed a long, long time, the doctor came out followed by his wife.

His wrinkled face, weather-beaten by the wind and sun on his long drives over the country side, was half smiling and half serious.

"Boys, I clean forgot about you. Come right in and get something warm. I am sorry. I left you here, but mother and I had to look after that youngster right off."

"That's all right about us, sir," Gordon said hastily, "but how's the baby going to be?"

"Going to be all right, I guess," the doctor said a bit seriously, yet with a smile. "She has a splendid chance anyway."

Jennie Corrinet '26

P. H. S.

Poetry

P. H. S.

Thanksgiving Eve

Come friends, let's all make merry now!
Draw close around the fireplace
Where red and yellow dancing flames
Reflect upon each happy face!

Drink the gold brown cider
From Thanksgiving apples pressed!
And laugh, as chestnut fortunes
Reveal the lad a maid loves best!

Put more logs upon the fire!
How cheerily they burn!
Come now, we'll all tell stories
Each one will have a turn!

A dance! a dance! let's have a tune!
Anything gay will do!
Swing your partners, back again!
Then start the dance a-new!

Let's have a song before we part!
We'll sing it with good cheer!
Hurrah for our Thanksgiving
The best day in the year!

Elaine Carruthers

See him strutting up and down
With step so proud and jerkey;
Never dreaming that some day,
He'll be a roasted turkey.

He looks so pretty out there in the yard
With feathers all ruffled and wavy,
But he knows not the moment the hour or the day,
When he will be swimming in gravy.

It seems such a pity to kill him, poor bird,
With his wings, so big and so flappy,
But he will have done a great thing when he dies,
For his death will make someone quite happy.

Aileen Coyne

The Tragedy of Our Auto

Papa bought a brand new car,
'Twas called by all a peach,
It carried all improvements
Found from backwoods to the beach.

Four-wheel brakes and force feed oil,
Latest style in leather,
Balloon tires and permanent top,
Proof against all weather.

Wind deflectors, newest type,
Parking lights in rear,
A car supposed to take all hills
Without a change of gear.

High-powered motor, valve in head,
Quiet, smooth and neat,
Radiator in the front,
To warm the driver's feet.

Pretty paint, a gorgeous blue,
Trimmed with streaming line,
Highly varnished over all,
To make it look, just fine.

Easy driving, steers itself,
Turns by touch of hand,
And when the driver "steps on it"
It races o'er the land.

That's the car that papa bought,
His neighbors called him rash,
'Cause in this beautiful machine
He'd sunk his hard-earned cash.

No sooner had the car been bought,
Than the family all jumped in
And father, proud as proud can be,
Took us for a spin.

We passed a Ford, We passed a Rolls,
We passed a Packard, new,
We passed each car we chanced to meet,
And these were not a few.

And now here comes the tragic part
Of this most lengthy tale.
'Cause I must tell the story why
A brand-new car's for sale.

While winding o'er the country road,
We somehow lost our way,
And all at once we found ourselves
Hub-deep in slimy clay.

A tiny Ford came bouncing by,
The same one we had passed,
And when they saw our stranded car,
They gave us all the laugh.

One by one the cars went by,
The large ones and the small,
And when they saw us stranded there,
They laughed and laughed, that's all.

Mama was humiliated.
Papa then got sore,
He realized how useless
Were accessories galore.

I'll dwell not any longer
On how we were pulled out
By a farmer with his horses,
Willing, strong and stout.

Mother dear was so disgusted,
She returned by train,
And father brought the car back home,
At one A. M. in the rain.

So now there is a wondrous car,
With heater, lights and such,
For sale by my beloved pa,
And he isn't asking much.

The family's had their shoes retapped
And bought car tickets too
'Cause papa says "no more machines"
With autos he is thru.

Carlton Lind

Days Have Changed

No more do flaring torches
Pierce the mighty gloom,
No more do flick'ring candles
Illuminate the room;
But rarely does the lamplight
Shine far into the night:—
The modern room is lighted
By the electric light.

No more do flaring bonfires
Warm the freezing face,
No more do people hover
Around the fireplace;
The kitchen stove but rarely
Sends out a cheerful gleam:—
The modern room is heated
By water or by steam.

James Tagliaferro,
Commercial

Correspondence

"Your favor received and contents noted
We beg attention to prices quoted."
Why do we write such bromidic bunk
Such obsequious twaddle, lacking in spunk?

Why talk about "favors" when there are not any?
Why say that you "beg" when you don't beg a penny?
Surely it's better to write as you'd speak
With words that are virile, not moss grown and weak!

Forget when you dictate, you're writing a letter,
Talk man-to-man, you'll find that it's better.
Imagine the other chap setting right there
Close by your desk in your visitor's chair
And first thing you know, after a while
He'll forget old stuff and write in your style,
Finding you're human, he'll be inclined, too
To see that his business keeps going to you.

Morris Poch

Thanksgiving

A hurry in the kitchen,
A bustle all around;
'Tis for Thanksgiving dinner
That joyous sounds abound!
The feast at last is ready,
All gather for the spread;
Then heads are bowed in silence
While thanks are being said.

A blessing to our fathers!
Who, from despair and foe,
Fought to save a nation
That liberty might grow.

For us this land was founded
For Justice, Love and Right;
This land was made for freedom
For Gladness, Strength and Might.

Then let us cheer and celebrate
Come, let us all be gay;
And just be glad we're living
On this Thanksgiving Day!

Mildred Rice,
Commercial

Whose Fault?

My typewriter stutters,
The thing, how it skids!
I mix all my letters,
My teacher forbids,
I use the eraser,
It must be done o'er;
The keys and the spacer
Are heavy as ore.
I hate to repeat it,
I'm told that I must.
My writer does need it,
It's covered with dust.
I start to rewrite it
All over again;
Weary, I fight it
All night until when
The morning is dawning,
My work is not done;
I then start yawning,
And working—like fun!!!

Parker Savage,
Commercial

I Wonder

I stood upon a barren rock
Amassed against the sky
Cold and bleak, a weathered gray,
Stormed by gusts of wind and rain.
I gazed across a wooded dell,
Aglow with autumn hue,
Rich golden, flaming red and green,
Where clumps of pine and hemlock grew.

How bright the landscape, blue the sky!
What warmth and happiness are here.
But soon the leaves will fly and die,
There lives are short, not quite a year,
While this same rock will stand erect
Defy the cold, proud of its strength.
I wonder which I'd rather be,
A rock, or a leaf upon a tree.

Alice Canfield

A Boyless Town

A cross old woman of long ago
Declared she hated noise;
The town would be so pleasant; "you know
If only there were no boys."
She scolded and fretted about it till
Her eyes grew as heavy as lead,
And then of a sudden the town grew still,
For all the boys had fled.

And all through the long and dusty street,
There wasn't a boy in sight;
The baseball lot where they used to meet,
Was a sight to make one blue.
The grass was grown on every base,
And the path that the runners made;
For there wasn't a soul in all the place,
Who knew how the game was played.

The cherries rotted and went to waste—
For there was no one to climb the trees;
And nobody had a single taste,
Save only the birds and the bees.
There wasn't a messenger boy—not one,
To speed as such messengers can.
If people wanted their errands done,
They sent for a messenger man.

There was little I wean, of frolic or noise
There was less of cheer or mirth
The sad old town, since it lacked the boys
Was the dreariest place on earth.
The poor old woman began to weep,
Then woke with a sudden scream
"Dear me" she cried; I have been asleep,
And O, what a horrid dream.

Gerald Davis '26

Discontent

'Twas a pleasant day in autumn
 When Johnny, ten years old,
 Complained because the weather
 Was not windy, chilled, or cold.
 "I want to go out skating.
 I want to try my sled.
 I wish it would begin to snow,"
 Complainingly he said.
 Now, aren't we all like Johnny
 Disconsolate, and sad
 Because what is not ours at all
 Is what we wish we had?
 Then let us learn a lesson,
 Which is needed all the while,
 'Tis just to bear our hardships,
 And meet trouble with a smile.

Bertha Fobes

If you want a Clear Mind and a Happy Smile, take our

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once in a while.

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P. H. S.

Book Reviews

P. H. S.

"Beloved Woman"

"Beloved Woman" is a delightful story in which Kathleen Norris puts forth her best literary efforts in the vivid and realistic descriptions of New York and its social life, which are interwoven into a plot that is both thrilling and mysterious.

Charming Norma Sheridan, after living simply and happily with "Aunt Kate" Sheridan and her two children, Rose and Wolfgang, in their humble tenement home on a dark side street is suddenly transferred to the great, old Melrose mansion in the fashionable Fifth Avenue section. This removal is due to some vague circumstances of which the bewildered Norma had no knowledge but could only weave fantastic imaginings and dreams. Here, she lives luxuriously as a friend and companion to Leslie Melrose, the pretty young heiress of the Melrose fortunes and to old Mrs. Melrose, the mistress of the mansion. But despite all the wealth that is constantly showered upon her, Norma is not at all contented with this sort of society life. The mystery, which connects these two dissimilar homes—the humble tenement apartment and the sumptuous mansion of the Avenue, is carefully withheld to the very end of the story.

Norma, the heroine of the story seems to have a character quite her own, forceful and consistent, which resists the spoiling and destruction, which frequently results from great wealth, and rises to the sound life that her real character seemed to demand of her.

Attractive, exceedingly clever, good-natured and helpful, Norma will prove herself delightful and fascinating to the reader in her many adventures, which make up this "petite histoire d'amour." You will want to read it thru to the very last page once you get started!

*Ione C. Howard '26***A Man For the Ages**

Irving Bacheller, our noted American author, when writing "A Man For the Ages", made it a sort of history—a history of Abraham Lincoln's life, and a history of our Middle-west in its infancy. It is a tale of a Vermont family, who leave for the Great Lake Section, and who there make friends with Honest Abe himself. The story is introduced by a letter written in 1915 by an American doughboy in a French hospital, asking his Grandfather to assemble the elder man's diaries and notes in preparation for a story of Lincoln's life. It appears that the Grandfather, with his father, were great friends of Lincoln, hence his diary of bygone days should be pretty accurate. The story itself was the result.

Samson Taylor, with his faithful wife Sarah and their two little tots, set out in a covered wagon for the West. The accounts of their journey are most interesting. The hardships, the tragedies, as well as the highly amusing incidents are just what one would expect to meet on such a trip. Past the newly-built Erie Canal, to Niagara Falls, and hence to New Salem they go, settling at last in that very town, which happens to be Lincoln's home. At this time Abe is an awkward, lanky youth.

From this point on, the story is interwoven with a multitude of rare character studies. There was Samson and Sarah, old Doc Kelso, the village intellect, Harry Needles, who furnishes part of the love story, sweet Ann, Lincoln's first fiancée, and last our great Lincoln himself.

Samson is symbolic of our old Yankee ancestors, a man to be compared with the pines, deep rooted, straight and good, towering above the average. His jolly wit and humor furnish many a smile and serve to make his company a thing to be desired. He is a philosopher, one who completely understands his fellow-men. These attributes entitle him to his envied friendships with Lincoln.

As for Abe—no words can really describe him. Eloquent, yet raw and ill at ease; gentle yet the best "rassler" of his county, he was built of just such material that will later mold into such a character as the one we know as our Lincoln of the Civil War. He was a man inspired with patriotism and nobleness, whose friends speak of him as "the Abe who loves honor and justice and humanity, and their great temple of freedom that is going up in the new world."

Mary C. Varcoe

"Chloe Malone"

By Fannie-Heaslip Lea

On the evening the story opens, Chloe Malone, a charming girl of a royal French family is planning to make her début. Although almost in poverty, Chloe's mother, her only living parent, and her godmother insist that she make the début at the theatre. So daintily dressed from head to foot she starts out with her mother in a "borrowed" limousine.

Chloe being in a very imaginative mood that evening fancies that the limousine belongs to her and that the driver is her chauffeur, Boggs. An accident occurs on the way when another car crashes into the Malone's car and much to her mother's horror and amazement Chloe invites the lone man occupant of the taxi to accept a ride with them to his destination. A friendship is immediately started which later enters Chloe's life again.

In her godmother's box at the theatre, Chloe is the center of much attraction. She meets many people, and is introduced to Daniel Wheeler, who plays an equal part with her friend, Courtney Wheeler, whose friendship was founded on such a peculiar incident as the taxi collision.

Chloe always insisted that she would marry a wealthy man so as to make the remainder of her mother's life a source of happiness which would otherwise have been filled with sorrow and poverty. And having two suitors, one rich and one poor, she decides to accept the man of wealth because of his financial standing only. But at the death of her godmother she is made heiress to a small fortune which enables her now to do as she pleases.

This exquisite story charmingly told explains the customs of the old French families. And the adventures of pretty Chloe Malone together with the turn of her fate makes a very interesting narrative.

Esther Johnson '26, Com'l

Anatole France

Anatole France was born in 1844 and died in 1924. In the death of Anatole France, the world has lost more gentleness, more gayety, more generosity than are contained within the heart of any writer living today.

Anatole France was the greatest literary figure of his period. His charity was often taken for cruelty and his tear for that of the crocodile. That was unjust, but natural enough, since the great Frenchman entertained within himself many different men. Some called Anatole France vulgar because he liked workmen and confessed that he enjoyed "life gross, life brutal, life smelly", the workmen thought him superior because he was a wordling, a cynic, a man of taste. He pitied all men and defined their history.

Anatole France was by no means a brilliant student at College Stanislas, he was the embryonic literary man, reading Virgil and Sophocles and dreaming. For a few years after college was over, he wandered about Paris, reading and at length trying his pen. He was 37 years old, when he published "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard", which was crowned by the academy and which made him a conspicuous man in Paris letters. Then books came from him with bewildering abundance, "Le levre de Mon Ami", "Thais Les Opinions de M. Jérôme Coignard", "La Vie de Jeanne D'Arc," "La Révolte des Angles." He was elected to the Academy in 1896. He won the Nobel Prize in 1921. His first success Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard was translated into six languages immediately after publication.

He lived in the Villa Said, off the Bois de Boulogne, a house filled with curios and prints. Friends came to see him, and visitors from all over the world. Of recent years, and especially during the war, he had lived in Tours, in a charming country house, which dated from the seventeenth century. There he surveyed the beauty of life in his own discriminating fashion.

Charles Sullivan '26

One ship drives East, another West
With the very winds that blow;
It's the set of the sails
And not the gales
Which decides its way to go.

Like the winds of the sea are the winds of fate
As we voyage along in life;
It's the will of the soul
That determines its goal
And not the calm or the strife.

Alice Smith,
Commercial

P. H. S.

Alumni Notes

P. H. S.

Winthrop Gregory '24 is attending the University of Detroit and not the University of Vermont, as was stated in the last issue.

"Jake" Samuel '24 is working at the "Outlet Bargain Store."

Morris Levine '24, "Ted" Abrams '24 are attending Tufts College.

Stillman Fielden Feb. '24 is enrolled at Mt. Herman School at Northfield, Mass.

"Heck" Learned Feb. '24 is attending Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.

Virginia Waugh '24 is "At Home."

"Bob" Volk '24 is working at the General Electric Co.

Rose Cunningham Feb. '24 has entered The Elms at Chicopee.

Frank Bastow Feb. '24 is at Lowell Tech.

Warren Shaw Feb. '24 is working at the Pittsfield Electric Co.

Thomas Conry Feb. '24 is working at Albany Cash Store.

Mary Beebe Feb. '24 has entered Russell Sage, Troy, N. Y.

Loretta Hebert '24 is at Bridgewater Normal.

Elizabeth McCombs Feb. '24 is working at the Telephone Co.

Sherman Beers '23 is at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.

Frances Pierce '23 is attending Skidmore.

Dorothy Beardsley Feb. '23 is taking a P. G. course at P. H. S.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Mr. M. Shapiro, the New York Home Portrait Photographer, who has been photographing for a year at homes in Pittsfield, Lenox and Stockbridge, has opened a studio at 37 North Street. The studio offers an opportunity for those who do not desire photographs at home, although Mr. Shapiro's specialty will remain Home Portraiture. Sittings made by appointment.

Shapiro Studio

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P. H. S.

Exchanges

P. H. S.

Received

Tech News, Worcester Polytechnic Ins.

Worcester, Mass.

The Vermont Cynic Burlington, Vermont

The Herald, Holyoke High School

Holyoke, Mass.

The Sheaf University of Saskatchewan

Central Outlook St. Joseph, Missouri

The High School Herald Westfield, Mass.

As We See Them

The Spice, Norristown High School, Norristown, Pa.—Your paper is the best we have seen. Come again.

The Taconic, Williamstown, Mass.—The pictures are fine.

Drury Academe, North Adams, Mass.—Well arranged. Department titles are original. Keep it up.

The Owl, Hudson, N. Y.—"Burning the Scandal at both Ends" is very clever.

The Blue and Gold, Malden, Mass.—Football sketches are good.

The Red and Black, Claremont, N. H.—"They Say" is real clever. Your paper is very interesting.

The Messenger Proof Sheet, Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.—Well done.

Brown and White, Stonington, Conn.—A very interesting paper.

The Mirror, Philadelphia, Penn.—We like your paper because it touches upon all school activities. Your sketches are clever and the Fodder for Freshies is original. Come again!

The Review, Lowell, Mass.—Why not have title headings for your literature and jokes as you do for society and athletic news? The Bath Question Box is very cleverly handled.

The Patroon, Albany, N. Y.—We notice in your editorial that you are changing from magazine to newspaper form. Would not a few stories and jokes create more interest? We wish you good luck in your new undertaking.

The Cherry Tree, New York—We think your paper is all right. The wit and humor Column adds spice to your publication.

The Hyde Park Weekly—Your "Around the School" is well done.

The N. H. S. News, Northwood, Iowa—Your paper is well planned. Add some poetry is our suggestion. We congratulate you on the opportunity of hearing General Dawes. We like Ma's Jonah.

The Text, Lowell, Mass.—Your poem "The College Man" is a clever imitation of the Barefoot Boy. The News of our Alumni is a clever idea, the pictures add to the page very much.

Students' Review, Northampton, Mass.—We like you very much. The sketched titles are very suggestive of their columns. Come again.

The Imp, Boston, Mass.—We like your cover design. Add a few more jokes and some poetry.

Extracting Specialist

you cannot escape disease and sickness if you retain those bad teeth. Have them out at once with

Nap-a-Minute

(Nitrous Oxide and Oxygen)

No Pain No After Effects

Dental X-Ray at your service

Registered Lady Dentist in Attendance

Dr. Wright

Palace Theatre Bldg.

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Assembly Etiquette

I read recently, in the *Student's Pen*, that the Etiquette Club had taken up the subject—Conduct at Assemblies. It seemed to me a worthwhile effort,—for are we not a bit forgetful, at times, of the amount of uproar we create in the auditorium?

For *once*, I think the boys are almost free from blame; they may not attend the games, as regularly and as faithfully as the girls; they may not be as studious as the girls, but at assemblies, they *do* manage to be quiet.

Just as the speaker begins his address, one of us remembers something—"terribly important"—we simply must tell, and the attention of four or five is drawn to—"My dear, Susy Smith looked so funny last night, she had on a red dress and a yellow hat."—Just imagine! And, as a result, a continuous buzz is heard for five minutes or so.

Girls, we do attend games, we (I should say, *some* of us) do study our lessons—but let's try to save our choice bits of conversation, which simply have to be told, or we'll burst,—till after assembly.

Phylis Martin '25

Assembly

Our first assembly was held on October 9, in the form of a rally for the Pittsfield-Lee game. The Student Council was in charge of the assembly. L. Childs presided. The first speaker was Mildred McLaughlin who spoke chiefly to the new members of the school. As editor of the *Student's Pen*, she urged for more contributions from these students. Our next speaker, Leonard Wills, was introduced with much applause from the student body. He spoke on "School Ideals." Next of course came James Hickey who gave us an idea of the "Student Council and what it is for." Our next speaker, Ira May, gave an excellent talk on "School Spirit." He gave the new members an idea of what school spirit should be in P. H. S. but of course it was not intended for the upper classmen as they are supposed to know by this time what it should be.

Certainly a rally would not be complete if we did not have Coach Carmody on the program. He told the students after giving us some of his fine jokes that he did not believe we had reached the top of our ability to support P. H. S. and the moment we did would be the greatest ever reached.

The student body was then turned over to our able cheer leaders "Ev" Stewart and Arvo Salo. We started off with a "Long Pittsfield" and the rest of the assembly hour was given over to the practice of cheers that filled the school with voices eager for victory the following day.

Jennie Corrinet '26

Assemblies

We have had several assemblies recently which have been very successful and now everyone is saying, "more, more." Of course, these assemblies were held just before a game and so were in the nature of a rally. The different speakers chosen from the student-body gave stirring speeches on school-spirit and how much the support of the students meant to the team.

Soon, however, to put it plainly this subject of school spirit will be worn thin, and speakers will have difficulty in giving original or full of pep speeches, on such a subject, that will arouse the interest of the student-body.

Why not have our rallies after school hours and have no speakers only the cheer-leaders on the platform? Then, when time was given for an assembly the different classes could take charge of them. One week the seniors would be responsible for the program, the next week the juniors and so on. In this way clever and interesting programs would be carried out. For wouldn't each class want to put before the other students a program just as good if not better than the preceding one? This type of assembly would arouse just as much school spirit as the kind we have been having. And the most important thing of all is that, in this way, the interest in school affairs would be boosted.

Hazel Clark

Junior A Notes

The Junior A's held their first class meeting and elected the following officers:

Class Adviser	Miss Clifford
President	Edward Connally
Vice-President	George Donald
Secretary	Victor Blais
Treasurer	Jennie Corrinet

The Committee of Arrangement for the Junior Prom is composed of the following:

Edward Connally	Stella Dansereau	Arthur Tiel
Victor Blais		Ida Lussier

Victor Blais '26

Senior Hop Committees

The Committee of Arrangements for the Senior Hop are as follows:

General Committee		
Leonard Wills	Isabel Patnode	Evelyn Thomas
Mildred McLaughlin		Louis Plass
General Chairman		Leonard Wills
Decorations		Mildred McLaughlin
Tickets		Evelyn Thomas
Refreshments		Isabel Patnode
Miscellaneous		Louis Plass
		Mildred McLaughlin '25

Jokes

Fellow students please take heed!

Original jokes are what we need.

You do not have to look around,

Often in class a joke is found.

If you hear something funny today,

Write it down without delay.

Copy the sayings of a friend

And send them in to the *Student's Pen*.

E. A. C.

Miss Wentworth: Has anyone here ever seen a French play?

Liston Tanner: I have.

Miss Wentworth: And what did you enjoy in it the most?

L. Tanner: Well, I think it was the French pheasants singing the Mayonnaise.

Not Much!

"This is a very simple test, there is not very much to it. It just shows me two things. How much you do, or do not know about the first ten lessons."

Overheard in Physics Class

Mr. Bulger: "Cohen, why are there sixteen permanent magnets in a Ford fly wheel?"

L. Cohen: "To make the engine turn better because the North Pole attracts the South Pole and they keep revolving."

Miss Pfeiffer (in Sen. Eng.): Cote name the three cases.

H. Cote: Masculine, Feminine and Neutral!

The Story of William

His sister called him Willie,

His mother called him Will,

But when he went to college,

To Dad 'twas Bill, Bill, Bill!

Mrs. Bennet: Have you ever read "The Light in the Clearing?"

Tom Doyle: No, but I've seen, "The Light that Failed."

Mrs. Bennet: Yes and I know a senior who "failed".

Miss Day: What are cumulus clouds?

S. Goodell: Cumulus clouds are clouds that—well they look as though they had been thrown into a heap.

Mr. Bulger: How can you weigh a boat on water?

Stodden: Put it in dry dock.

Mr. Larkin: Can't anyone tell me what an acute angle is?

C. Gregory (absentmindedly): Oh—one that gives you a pain to remember I suppose.

Miss Day was explaining the effect of dew on plants but it did not seem clear to the class so she said, "Now take tobacco for instance I know more about that than anything else—" Note: Miss Day owns a tobacco field in Hatfield.

Heard in Senior English Class

Theodore Roosevelt was very delicate and so he took exercises and soon became a great patriot.

Mercy!

The schoolroom was rather chilly and the teacher sent this written complaint to the principal:

"There is hardly calories enough in this room to altitudinize the mercury above the freezing quotation."

Mrs. Bennet: Wills can you explain what strategy means?

L. Wills: When you run out of ideas and don't want the teacher to know it it's strategy to keep on talking.

Mr. Hayes: Name the bird mentioned in the play.

Harry Dresser: "McBeth".

Miss Morse: What is the contribution of the Middle Ages to modern school life?

E. Carruthers: Chaperones.

Mrs. Bennet: Cohen who invented the sewing machine?

L. Cohen: I can't remember his first name but his last name was "Singer."

K. Coughlin (doing Spanish): Emma what is the word for tomorrow?

E. Paro (absentmindedly): Friday.

A Modest Class

Mr. Smith: Now all those that have good voices sing this time. And there was a complete silence.

Mr. Brierly: The Industrial Revolution was preceded by what?
L. Wills: The invention of the Cotton Gin.

Heard in Senior Economics Class

The War of 1812 cut off foreign trade and the New England people had to have something to eat so they manufactured cloth.

Burbank made many different varieties of plums. Several cities in California have been built up on two of his plums.

Reporter after explosion: Mr. Chase were you and Mr. Cohen calm and collected during the explosion?

Francis Chase: Yes sir—that is, I was calm but Mr. Cohen was collected.

John Dormer to Jacoby (turning up after an absence): You missed it all yesterday.

Jacoby: All what?

J. Dormer: All your lessons.

Tom Doyle: Why is a woman like eating noodles?

Ev. Anderson: Dunno.

T. Doyle: Well, when you think you've got 'em, they slip away.

P. H. S. Student: What do you think of our city?

Drury H. S. Student: It's not as well laid out as ours.

P. H. S. Student: Well it will be when it's as dead as yours.

P. H. S.

Just what Red Sox means in baseball,

Just what Tiffany means on rings,

Just what home made means on pie crust

So with Heinz on pickled things;

Just what Huyler's means on candy,

You will not forget we trust

Just what Sterling means on silver

Pittsfield High School means to us.

Exchanges

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Why did I spend that bill,
Why, Oh why, Oh why?
Why did I buy that rouge,
I cannot tell a lie.
Father'll say I waste his dough
Mother will be shocked I know;
Why did I spend that bill,
Why, Oh why, Oh why!

M. Jacoby: What would you rather be hit by, an automobile or by a cow?

B. Klein: By an automobile.

M. Jacoby: Why?

B. Klein: Well you see, an automobile has one horn and a cow has two.

M. McLaughlin: I know a pianist who can play for two consecutive hours.

J. Macbeth: That's nothing I can play "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

Mrs. Bennet (after lecturing to fifth period class about prohibition): The prohibitionists even object to rain because the ground gets soaked.

Traffic Cop: (to Miss Pfeiffer): Hey there: Don't you know that that aint no two way traffic?

Miss Pfeiffer: No Sir. I didn't, but I do know your English is atrocious.

Mr. Hayes: What does the lady stand for in the Allegory?

M. MacArthur: They didn't have any chairs!

Mrs. Bennet: What important event happened in 1907?

C. Lind: That was the year I was born.

Miss Day: What are the four constituents of the air?

E. Stoessel: Oxygen, nitrogen, dust and microbes.

C. Chapman: I don't see why they call a boat "she".

L. Wills: Evidently you have never tried to steer one.

Jingles

Here lies the body of Solomon Young
He lighted his gas tank, forgetting to run.

Here lie the remains of Solomon mangle
His car met another at a right angle.

Here lies the ashes of Solomon Dore
He knew not the golfers conception of "Fore".

P. H. S.

Athletics

P. H. S.

Chalk Marks

"Billy" Whalen, our fighting little quarterback, was unable to play in the Williamstown game because of illness.

"Bob" Heister, a member of last year's championship team, also a member of basketball and baseball teams is ineligible for the football team this year as he was absent from school more than 10 days at the opening of classes in September.

"Ted" Combs made some nice gains in the last period of the Drury game, but it was too late.

This is "Hank" Garrison's first year out but he looks good. He made a thirty-five yard run on the first play P. H. S. pulled in the Williamstown game.

P. H. S. won a similar victory over Adams last year, after trailing throughout the first half it came back and completely outplayed its opponents.

"Billy" Whalen was wide awake as far as following the ball was concerned in the Adams game. He fell on the ball after P. H. S. kicked off but the referee made a real mistake and awarded the ball to Adams. "Billy" also carried the ball back 50 yards on the kick-off, tho much of the credit also belongs to the rest of the team for the fine interference.

Pittsfield High Defeats Adams High 26-6

Pittsfield High fully recovered from its defeat at Dalton the Saturday before and crashed its way to a decisive victory over Adams, Saturday, October 25, at Wahconah Park.

The game opened with Adams kicking off. After a few plays Pittsfield punted. Adams followed suit. P. H. S. made a first down but punted after being penalized for off-side. Two forward passes, tossed by Herman brought the ball from our 40-yard line to the one-yard marker. R. McBride made the score. The attempt for point after failed.

In the second quarter Adams worked the ball to our 10-yard line, but lost it on a fumble. Here the tide of the battle turned.

Pittsfield received the ball on the kick-off that opened the second half and marched up the field for the first touchdown, Combs going over. The try for point after failed.

Pittsfield kicked off to the one yard line where Whalen fell on the ball but it was awarded to Adams. After a few plays the visitors punted and "Billy" ran the ball back to Adam's 35-yard line. "Ted" Combs went off tackle and by some clever broken field running scored the second touchdown.

Whalen received the kick off and carried the ball back 50 yards before he was downed. Combs and Pomeroy did some fine ball carrying and brought the pigskin from the 35-yard line to the goal line. "Bill" Pomeroy took it over. "Ted" kicked the goal. Score: P. H. S.—19; A. H. S.—6.

Adams received the kick-off. Pittsfield intercepted a forward pass and had the ball 20 yards from the goal line. Garrison carried the ball over. "Ted" added a point on a drop kick.

Pittsfield kicked off and the play for the rest of the game was in Adams territory. The ball was in possession of the losers on their own 5-yard line when the game ended. Line-up:—

PITTSFIELD

Potter, Angelo, l.e.
Doyle, (Capt.), l. t.
Duggen, Rawling, l.g.
Maloy, Hollister, c.
Almstead, Nolan, r.g.
Trudell, Hanford, r.t.
Sullivan, r.e.
Whalen, q.b.
Combs, l.h.b.
Stickles, Garrison, Rose, r.h.b.
Pomeroy, f.b.

ADAMS

Noistering, r.e.
Baljewski, Mohegan, r. t.
Andrews, r.g.
Dolan, c.
D. McBride, l.g.
Plummer, l.t.
Childs, l.e.
Herman, q.b.
Bloniarz, r.h.b.
Perr, l.h.b.
R. McBride, f.b.

Touchdowns: Combs (2), Pomeroy, Garrison, McBride. Point after touchdown: Combs, 2. Referee: Morrissey of North Adams; Umpire: Knight of Holy Cross. Linesman: Salo of Pittsfield. Time—four 12-minute periods.

Pittsfield High School Loses to Drury, 28-0

Saturday, Nov. 1, Drury defeated Pittsfield at football for the first time in three years. Three thousand people saw the game, among these were many Pittsfield people.

The Tunnel City team out-weighted our team on an average of fifteen or twenty pounds. Drury claims that the best team ever produced there is this year's. It showed itself worthy of the name.

Combs kicked off starting the game. Scully, Coughlin and Rosch carried the ball down the field, N. Rosch making the first touchdown. Coughlin kicked the goal. Score D. H. S.—7, P. H. S.—0.

Drury again received the kick-off. Pittsfield held Drury for downs on its own 30-yard line. After a 15-yard penalty for each team Pittsfield lost the ball on a fumble, Drury worked the ball to our 38-yard line before the period ended.

Early in the second period Coughlin scored Drury's second touchdown and added a point by a drop kick.

Pittsfield received the kick-off. There was an exchange of punts and several short gains by both teams. Whalen drew back to punt with the ball on his own 22-yard line. When "Billy" saw that there was a possibility of his kick being blocked he carried the ball himself around Drury's left end for a 25-yard gain. The ball was in the possession of Drury when the half ended.

Drury received the kick-off and punted after one play. The ball was fumbled and Prevey picked it up and carried it over the line. Coughlin kicked the goal. Score: D. H. S.—21; P. H. S.—0.

P. H. S. received the kick-off and after a few plays punted. Scully received it and ran it back to Pittsfield's 40-yard line. After several first downs DelNegro scored the last touchdown on a wide end run. Coughlin added a point on a drop kick. Score: D. H. S.—28; P. H. S.—0.

Drury was forced to punt after receiving the kick-off. P. H. S. carried the ball to Drury's 20-yard line where it was held for downs. Combs made some good gains for the losers after this. Twice P. H. S. carried the ball to within 20 yards of its objective only to loose it on downs. Line-up:

DRURY

Prevey, Primmer, l.e.
Mausert, l.t.
Belouin, Raidy, l.g.
Noetzel, c.
G. Crosier, W. Crosier, r.g.
F. Rosch, (Capt.), r.t.
DelNegro, Jayne, r.e.
Bouchard, q.b.
Scully, l.h.b.
Coughlin, r.h.b.
N. Rosch, Askar, f.b.

PITTSFIELD

Sullivan, r.e.
Doyle, (Capt.), r.t.
Almstead, Hollister, r.g.
Maloy, c.
Duggen, Hanford, Rawling, l.g.
Trudell, Potter, l.t.
Angelo, Nolan, l.e.
Whalen, q.b.
Combs, r.h.b.
Garrison, Stickles, l.h.b.
Pomeroy, Angelo, f.b.

Touchdowns: Coughlin, N. Rosch, Prevey, DelNegro. Points after touchdown: Coughlin 4. Referee: Graham, Williams. Umpire: Dunn of Adams. Time—12 minute quarters.

Pittsfield High School Wins Over Williamstown, 18-0

Saturday, November 8, the P. H. S. football team went to the north of the county and defeated Williamstown by three touchdowns. One was scored in the first period and two in the last.

Pittsfield's powerful attack pushed the home team off its feet. Pittsfield was held to so close a score partly because of the shortness of the time, there being four ten minute quarters. Williamstown also received all the kick-offs and was able to hold the ball long enough to make Pittsfield's possession of the ball of short duration.

Pittsfield did not punt the ball once throughout the entire contest.

Combs, Garrison, and Angelo scored the points for P. H. S.

Line-up:

PITTSFIELD

Almstead, l.e.
Potter, l.t.
Duggen, l.g.
Hollister, c.
Doyle, (Capt.), Hanford, r.g.
Truedell, Doyle, (Capt.), r.t.
Sullivan, Heaney, r.e.
Stickles, q.b.
Combs, l.h.b.
Garrison, r.h.b.
Angelo, f.b.

WILLIAMSTOWN

Steeinhoff, r.e.
Noyes, r.t.
K. McLean, r.g.
Danaher, c.
Allen, l.g.
Macy, l.t.
R. McLean, l.e.
Crowley, q.b.
Johnson, r.h.b.
Cole, (Capt.), l.h.b.
Tavelli, f.b.

Touchdowns: Garrison, Angelo, Combs. Referee: Graham of Williams. Umpire: Halstead. Head linesman: Smith. Time—four 10-minute periods.

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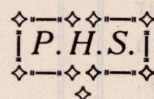
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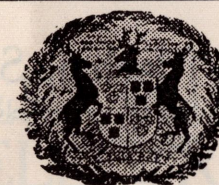
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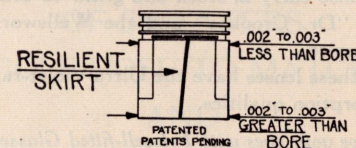
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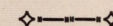
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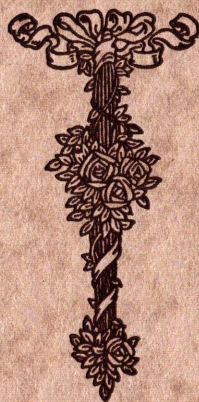
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